

E-40, Spittin'

Spittin'

[E-40]

Woke up in the A.M., toasted out of my cranium
Gotta take a shit, took a dump in the Mediterranean
Flushed the toilet, hit the shower
Snatched a fit up out the clos'
Miles of a '96 broom handle
Hangin half-way out my drawers
You niggas better feel me I got patrons to serve
Nigga got to starts pay props will deserve
Fuck my trunk I'm smobbin ugly in my deep dirt
, fuck you on my way to see Miss Chiminey
Cause since Chiminey is a good friend of me
She likes to go ah, downtown
She likes it when I, pound pound
Here's a whoppin' bitch
Call me uh-Bah uh-Barney Rubble stick the beast down, so duck
Had the pussy poppin bubbles
Scratchin the paint off up of the walls
Pickin off in them drawers, rebel without a pause
She could feel a gnat sting, swimmin' in Niagara Falls
Now no matter extra meal, managin the place
All up in the motherfuckin' tall can face
Streets make you broke, Forty Water ain't no joke
Make way, say hey, check my display
Bump the shit til your tape busts (Bump the shit til ya tape busts)
And youse a bitch if you ain't got no clit
(And youse a bitch if you ain't got no clit)

Chorus: E-40

40 took a forty to the fuckin dome
And now they got me spittin on the microphone...
40 took a forty to the fuckin dome
And now they got me spittin on the microphone, beeitch!
Drunker than a motherfucker spittin that shit

[E-40]

High rank, nigga poor
Scratch scratch taller than Manute Bol
Cash rules everything around me
40 why they why they get the money
Oh tell me baby gon' be no catchin', bet ya catch before 40 7-11
ah big Danz said a step man, can't win (uh)
1-Luv to my niggaz in the YOU KNOW
Gettin' swoll, bulkin' up, drinkin' pruneau
Y'all stay the same, got some extra whoop I think I need a drink
The waiter got me fuckin like me right in here
bitches sooner than I think
Vallejo PD's on crack man
They shot my nigga Tone Tucker in the back man
Prejudiced motherfuckers!
What niggaz need to do is fuck a-lo a-lo key now
Squash the fuh-ah fuckin' spot, ain't nothin' wrong? (Squash it)
Hang with tactical edged (staple?) highly easy
to be converted to Mack-1
Twice as righteous (righteous), make them po-po's like us
Drink with me, second base, and I'm gone for home
I drunk a 40 to the fuckin dome

Chorus

[E-40]

I ain't no cupcake (I ain't no cupcake)
so don't call me hostess (hostess)
Nigga don't you know I'm all open to explosives (I'ma explode)
Let tha bed bugs bite, sleep light
Be ready for the tip-toein phantoms at night

When I open em for risk (when I open it for risk)
Smokin somethin for the hatest terminator instigator
(terminator instant trader)
Nigga just bought from Traders
Tyler lookin for all some of that fit, ya gotta admit
nigglet your life is set why you ungreatful motherfuckas
you better get somewhere where they love you at
your life is set why you ungrateful motherfucka
I've been strugglin strivin so hard to make my shit obese (uh)
Pacin back and forth (uh)
Bear to grit my teeth, C-C-L-L-I-I-C-K, Northern California V uh VJ
I feed your ass, with my ambitiousness about the fuckin bumble
Lookin ambitious as the motherfuckin bumble
Soundin' off car alarms
My shit ain't nothin humble
Gotta say wassup (gotta say wassup) to some niggaz on my team
Niggaz like Rec-Street and Nicky motherfuckin Green
(motherfuckin Green)
Chorus